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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD					BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday		Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
8.00	3.15	2.50	7.15	lv...	Baltimore ...	Ar 12.00	10.30	9.30	10 30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.50	9.15	Ar...	Love Point ...	lv. 10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.18	5.30	.....	Ar...	Queenstown ...	lv.	7.30	6.30	.....	.....
A.M.	P.M.	P.M	A.M.			A M	P M	P M.	P.M.	P.M.

Sunday Express.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday		RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only	Sunday Express
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	9.25	lv...	Love Point ...	Ar. 9.50	8.20	7.20	8.40	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55	.....	Queenstown ...	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	.....	Centreville ...	8.55	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.48	f5.21	f10.03	.....	Wye Mills ...	f 9.05	f7.37	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.01	5.35	10.27	.....	Queen Anne ...	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.22	5.52	10.39	.....	Denton ...	8.33	7.07	f6.8	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55	.....	Hickman ...	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.58	6.23	11.10	.....	Greenwood ...	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32	.....	Ellendale ...	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45	.....	Milton ...	7.25	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05	.....	Lewes ...	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.30	Ar...	Rehoboth ...	lv. 6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth

JOHN C. BOSLEY, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT.

W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

sufferers is told thus. A man afflicted with rheumatism was set upon by a swarm of bees and frightfully stung. His face, neck and limbs were covered with red spots and swollen for days. When the swelling subsided, to the farmer's delight, the rheumatism was cured.

A special laboratory is being constructed near Philadelphia for the transformation of the bee stingers into a serum.

Measured by Feet.

"What makes Brown so haughty these days?"

"Why, his secret benevolent association has elected him to an office that has a title seven feet longer than any title there is in Smith's secret society."—Chicago Post.

Back of the Flood.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?"

"Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—Philadelphia Press.

MEMORIAL.

Katherine—Are there monuments to his skill as a doctor?

Kidder—Sure; the graveyards are full of them.—Chicago Chronicle.

CONSUL'S REPORT SPICY.

It Deals in Many Fascinating Subjects, Aloes and Incense Being Among Them.

"Aloes, civet, myrrh and incense" are the fascinating subjects discussed in a report from Consul Masterson at Aden, according to the Portland Oregonian. It seems strange that such things should be regarded as mere articles of commerce, but so it is. Mr. Masterson says that Aden is the export market of these four substances and that no other port can ever oust it. Of aloes Aden last year exported 31,696 pounds, nearly all of it going to London. Civet, which is one of the essential ingredients of nearly every high-grade perfume made, is taken from the pouch of the civet cat, an animal found in Abyssinia. The annual production of civet ranges from 250 to 300 pounds, and about half of this amount is shipped to New York. The price at Aden is from $1.60 to $3.24 an ounce, according to purity. Myrrh is principally used as an ingredient in incense, and the amount annually exported from Aden is about 1,344,000 pounds. A strange use of myrrh is made by the Abyssinian hunters, who smear their bodies with it before hunting elephants, in the belief that their quarry will not attack them on account of the smell.

QUEER RHEUMATISM CURE.

Bee Stingers in Demand as a Remedy for Affliction—Agents Out in Force.

After long experiments by bacteriologists in their employ an incorporated firm of wholesale chemists of Philadelphia has sent agents to Texas with instructions to obtain all the bee stingers they can for medicinal purposes. An offer for 50,000 stingers was placed with one bee farmer in that state.

A serum for injection through the skin will be made from the potent fluid with which the tiny weapons are charged. Of stingers efficacy for the cure of rheumatism the chemists say their experiments have left no doubt.

The idea of scientists hit upon the idea of experimenting with the

THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

Ah, little old red schoolhouse on the hill
In freckled days, in cowlick days of yore,
My heart it used to bump and jump and thrill
When I was called to mount the platform floor.
A little maiden used to pose sedate,
Her seat it was the first one front, you know.
Her eyes they dazed me while I ranted great
About Demosthenes or Cicero.

She used to wear a pretty tucker gown,
'Twas trimmed with pink about her dainty neck;
Her golden hair in pigtails hanging down—
Ah, me, that vision sent my heart awreck.
But, heavens! how I used to tremble then,
The while her eyes they bored me through and through;
I used to march a hundred thousand men
In quavering before those eyes of blue.

And when my mighty effort had been made,
And I went marching back unto my seat,
To my dismay I saw her eyes they strayed
Down to the region of my clutt'ring feet.
There from the vantage of my royal throne,
I'd note how very nicely and precise
The pretty golden pigtails they had grown;
For I was brave—behind my paradise.

Ah, me! There came a day of parting there;
The schooldays they are ended, and the tune
Of life it bore a sombre sounding air—
Long years ago one afternoon in June.
And I was standing in the same old spot,
With eyes fixed on a pretty maiden trim,
Each pulse within my being throbbing hot
While I declaimed with more than wonted vim.

Ah, me! The sweetness of the schoolhouse bell!
My ears they hear your calling notes again.
Anon I'm trooping at your beck and spell
With kindred spirits down the shady lane.
The clover flower's spilling on the air
The essence of its sweetness and perfume;
And by my side a maiden wanders there
Along the fields of sunshine and of bloom.

Fond memory recalls the winding ways,
The daisy chain, the sunny brook that flows,
Each throb and thrill of childish roundelays,
The grapevine swing, the brier path, the rose.
Ah! sweeter to my heart than all the rest
Of life's delightful pleasures of the old
Was one who laid her head upon my breast
And whispered—what? I never yet have told.

—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

THE YELLOW MASK.

By Charles Newton Rood.

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THE cleverness of Lemuel C. Loomis was ingenuity raised to a very high power, and if he had any local rival it was certainly his ingenious helpmeet, Lucinda L. Loomis, born Laurence. When they were married the groom had reached his fifty-second year and the bride had bidden farewell to the frivolous thirties.

As nothing will develop a latent talent for labor-saving devices more thoroughly or impart a more intimate knowledge of one's own peculiar traits than living alone, the couple entered upon their own experience unusually well equipped in both these respects, and their house-hunting was rendered both easier and more difficult. They examined a number of houses in their little village, and made the real estate agents a great deal of trouble, but they knew so well what would and what would not answer their purposes, that they were able to give prompt and decided decisions after one inspection.

Finally the choice narrowed down to two houses, at about the same price. Each was three squares from the church which they attended and four from the postoffice, and the interior arrangements of both were, in the main, satisfactory. Each, however, had one great defect. The house on Locust street had no hall, the front door opened directly into the sitting room, while the Elm street dwelling, with an ample hallway, had neither a bathroom nor any space that could be converted into one.

"Which shall it be, Lucinda?"

"What do you think, Lemuel?"

"I would rather that you would say, my dear."

"And I should prefer that you should decide, darling."

"Well, then, without either of us deciding it," said Mr. Loomis, diplomatically, "let us each write our opinion on a piece of paper, and exchange them."

"All right," agreed Mrs. Loomis.

Mr. Loomis unfolded his wife's opinion with much curiosity and read:

"I have always said I would never live in a house which did not have a front hall."

Mrs. Loomis read on her husband's slip:

"It has always seemed to me that if I were building a house, I'd build a first-class bathroom, and with what money I had left build the best house I could around it."

Both laughed heartily and rose with one accord to give the houses another inspection.

"It would be pretty hard to build a hall on that Locust street house," said Mr. Loomis.

"But by building an addition on the west side of the Elm street house," replied Mrs. Loomis, "we could have a nice bathroom, without much cost, and build it when we can best afford to."

Mr. Loomis complimented his wife on this happy solution of the difficulty, and before night had secured a deed of the Elm street property. Then he figured a little and said:

"I don't think we can afford to build the addition this year, and I dislike to perform my ablutions in a wash-tub or ——"

"Oh, I have thought that all out," replied Mrs. Loomis, smiling, "and I have such a nice idea. We will buy a handsome tub—just such as we will want for our new bathroom—and set it up back of the kitchen range. There needn't be any plumbing, except the exhaust pipe, for it will be so close to the range that one can dip the hot water from that, and by turning the top of the rain-water pump in the sink around, cold water can be pumped directly into the tub. We can have a nice broad shelf on hinges to let down over the tub, and that will make a splendid kitchen table, and nobody need ever know that there is a tub there."

While this ingenious arrangement would have been very inconvenient for some families, it was perfectly suitable for the Loomis menage, free from even a kitchenmaid. Down behind the range proved an exceedingly cosy, warm spot in which to take a leisurely bath. The new tub was a beauty, and when the broad shelf, practically amounting to a folding table, was dropped down over it, supported by two swinging legs at the right height for a work bench, Mrs. Loomis said it was the most convenient for washing dishes on that she had ever seen, and it was not at all uncommon for Mr. Loomis to assist her in that employment, that their Sunday forenoons and all their evenings might be longer.

Mr. Loomis was a member of the village board of trustees, which held its sessions on Saturday evenings, and it was his custom, on returning from these meetings, to enjoy a thorough, leisurely bath before retiring. Then he had the kitchen all to himself and could take his time.

One particular Saturday night the village council had held such a protracted sitting that it was actually Sunday morning when Mr. Loomis stole into the kitchen, swung up the portable table, and as silently and rapidly as possible filled the tub. A flood of moonlight came in through the windows, and he did not trouble to light the gas, but was soon soaking placidly in the warm and comfortable bath.

A heated discussion over the purchase of a road roller had wearied Mr. Loomis considerably, and while reviewing the arguments as he lay in the tub, he fell asleep. This he himself denies, asserting that he heard the first touch of the burglar's hands on the window fastening. This latter statement there is no means of controverting, but it is positively known that Mr. Loomis did not enter the kitchen later than a quarter to 12 o'clock, that the intruder's presence was not observed much before 12:30, and that it had never before taken Mr. Loomis an hour and three-quarters to bathe.

However, when he did hear the fumbling at the fastening, his first impulse was to leap from the tub and repulse the invader. His second thought was merely to flee. What he did, in the excitement of the moment, was to reach upward, grasp the swinging shelf and pull it down just as he heard the kitchen window gently raised.

Either the water had cooled a great many degrees since he entered it, or else Mr. Loomis was very much frightened (he leaned toward the former theory), or the two reasons combined to cause such a shiver that it was with difficulty that he prevented an alarming swashing in the bath. Peering cautiously over the rim of the tub, he shivered more violently than before. A man was crawling through the window. The moon had now nearly gone down, but the solid black silhouette indicated a rogue of monstrous size.

The suspense was horrible.

Before the intruder dropped quietly to the floor he shot a tiny searching ray of light into every corner, and the head of Mr. Loomis slid out of sight as a startled turtle slips off a log. In an agony of apprehension the householder heard the burglar tiptoe across to the pantry and back. Waiting as long as he could restrain his curiosity and alarm, he again peered cautiously between the table-shelf and the tub-rim.

The burglar was sitting in the middle of the room, with his back toward Mr. Loomis. By the faint light of the tiny lantern he could not see what the man was doing, and wriggled a little higher up. As he moved his feet there was a slight disturbance in the water, and Mr. Loomis realized only too well what it meant. Pending the permanent location of the bath-tub, he had, with his accustomed ingenuity, utilized a large cork as an exhaust plug, and this, loosened by his foot, had bobbed to the surface. The water was running out rapidly. When it was nearly all out the exhaust would make a hideous, gurgling wail, startling the burglar, Mr. Loomis would be discovered, and in his helplessness probably murdered.

He fumbled wildly for the cork, but it eluded every clutch, and he dared not make a noise. He tried to check the flow of the water by inserting his toes in the orifice, but this only slightly delayed the end. Nothing could stop the water—his moments were numbered.

Discovery being inevitable, it were better to be prepared for defense, he thought, before the alarm from the exhaust pipe came. As quietly as possible he pushed the shelf upward on its well-oiled hinges. Fortunately, it made no noise. He rose slowly on his benumbed limbs and stood upright in the tub. The water was getting lower and lower and he had but a moment to decide upon a plan of action.

He could now see the burglar, who was engaged in devouring a lemon pie, a sort which Mrs. Loomis made especially well, and of which Mr. Loomis was particularly fond, and which had been intended for their Sunday dinner. It was as yellow as gold, and topped with a beautiful, thick, frothy meringue. If the blood of Mr. Loomis had not been so chilled, it would have boiled at the sight of the rough-looking robber wrecking this masterpiece of pastry, and feeding with a knife at that.

The time for action had come. Mr. Loomis felt around for a weapon, but could find none. He was in despair. The last wave of the retiring water floated the big sponge against his ankles. He reached down and grasped it.

As he straightened up with it poised in his hand, he was dismayed to hear a light step on the back stairs—Mrs. Loomis was descending to see why he had not come to bed. It was a fearful crisis. At that very moment the bath-tub exhaust emitted a ghastly, gurgling groan, followed by a sucking, swirling shriek.

The very worst had come, and Mr. Loomis, goaded by a realization of the critical situation, raised the saturated sponge with careful aim, and let it fly. With a heavy swash it struck the burglar squarely in the back of the neck, forcing the villainous face violently into the center of the lemon pie, and most bottom of the dish.

When the burglar's countenance was withdrawn it wore a mask of yellow fringed with frothy white, from which two beardy eyes protruded with a horrible stare. They fell upon the open doorway of the back stairs, where a plump matron in snowy white just then sat forcibly down upon the bottom step, still clinging to a smoking lamp, whose shattered chimney fell upon the floor.

Then, as they turned in the direction from which the cold, paralyzing missile had come, and beheld the stark form of Mr. Loomis, their owner gave utterance to a cry like that just emitted by the bath-tub, and disappeared through the open window. The clock struck two.

Consumption

The only kind of consumption to fear is "neglected consumption."

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WEATHER SUITED PATRICK.

Philosophic Celt for Whom a Thorough Drenching Has No Terrors.

The weather often calls on the courage of the philoscopher, and he is but a weak-hearted one who cannot find some charms even in its least winning moods. Perhaps prolonged drought is the most trying test of the "Mark Tapley" spirit. When one's favorite roses, strawberries and laborious lawns are burned day after day by a relentless sun, it is hard to be patient with the cloudless sky. Still worse is it when the fields of grass and wheat and corn are threatened with total destruction.

The means of life are as dear as life itself. But fortunately in our climate the severest drought is tolerably sure to end before hopeless damage is done. Then follow the long days of rain, in which both man and field may revel in the refreshing moisture.

Hot and cold, wet and dry, fair and foul have their own charms for one who loves nature. One does not need a highly imaginative spirit to do that. A truly religious man is sure to be a grateful one, and gratitude has the secret of finding every day a good day.

An American lady was walking along a muddy Irish road in a drenching rain, with some discomfort, in spite of overshoes, rain coat and umbrella. She met an old man without the least protection from the downpour, the water dripping from his hat and beard, and evidently soaking him to the skin.

"Good morning, Patrick!" she said. "This is bad weather, isn't it?"

"Good luck to ye, miss! A fine, saft day, t'ank God!"

AMONG GEORGIA "CRACKERS."

When the "Sunday Lady" Came There Was a Scramble for the Family Wash Basin.

Miss Martha Berry, describing in World's Work her labors among the poor whites in the south, recounts thus a visit to one of their houses:

I would ride my pony for miles through a zig-zag path in the resinous woods leading up to some isolated little cabin. The whole family would come out and welcome me. And these words grew quite familiar:

"Yonder comes the Sunday Lady! Hitch yo' nag and 'light-'light, and come in. We-uns be pow'ful proud to see you!"

It was not always easy to "'light and come in," because the doorway was usually blocked with dogs, cats, chickens and a tow-headed baby, lying serenely happy in the sunshine, in a rude wooden box which did duty for a cradle. My appearance among the children was always the signal for a rush, pell-mell, to the dilapidated well. This pleased me very much, as it showed that my admonitions to wash and be clean were literally carried out. There was always a scramble among them to get possession of the family tin basin. Then, after a hasty dip, they would come forward, one after another, to give a loving greeting to the "Sunday Lady," their little bright faces and caressing hands shining and dripping with water.

Last Thought of All.

She thought of her trousseau first,
Of her dress, her gloves, her veil;
Of the stately way she should tread the aisle,
And how to manage her trail.
Of bridesmaids, ushers and guests,
The minister—then she said:
"I've forgotten something, I guess,
Now, let me see—oh, yes!"
'Twas the man she was going to wed.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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